drawer for something, to have found the

away and used it himself."

that took place twenty years ago.

does knowing that it is absurb.

I left the house that day sad and dejected. The housemand's story was dead

against my theory of suicide and all in favor of the theory of the prosecution. The

poison of which my father died must have

been the poison by mother purchased and kept under lock and key.

A few days afterward another idea oc

curred to me, and I went to see my moth

I wanted to know if, on the morning the

murder was discovered, any trace of the

paper in which the poison had been sold

had been found in the room or anywhere

The reply was in the negative. It was

supposed that my mother had destroyed

the paper by flinging it in the fire which was burning at the time in the Captain's

bedroom. There were the ends of charred

paper in the grate and one little white corner of doubled paper, which might have

I tried to look up some of the other witnesses, but failed to find them. The doctor

was dead-the inspector who had charge of

the case was dead. The only person I suc-

ceeded in finding was an old brother officer

of my father's-now an old gentleman liv-

With him I had a long interview. And

to him I revealed my identity. He ex-

him if there was any doubt of my mother's

I spent a long day with him and tried to

"One minute," he said; "something has

"Nothing, I fear, that can be the slight-

"And did the surgeon given it to him?"
"That we never knew. Our surgeon had

been transferred to another ship and had

died in the West Indies before the trial

"Then if this arsnic was given him he

might have had it in his possession?"
"He might. But, my poor boy, what is

the use of worrying yourself with these

theories now. Forgive me for saying it, but the unfortunate lady had a fair trial,

and everything was done on her behalf

The evidence was damning, and if you wil

may do yourself a great deal of harm."

take an old man's advice, you will let the

matter rest. You can do her no good: you

That was the first inkling I had of any

idea that my father could have had any

But, as against that theory, there was the

fact that the arsenic my mother had pur-

chased had never been found or accounted

for. I was but clutching at a straw like a

At the end of three months I was no near

er than when I began. No gleam of light

came to pierce the dark night which en-

veloped the mystery of my father's death.

For as a mystery I persisted in regarding

I had abandoned all hope and was think

ing seriously of returning to bid my auni

farewell and going off on a long journey

to the end of the world, when one day on

looking down the daily paper I came upon

a name which I had reason to regard with

It was the name of the man who had

brought my mother's terrible fate upon

Harold Anson was not a common name

and this hisrold Anson was mentioned as a

man who had been mixed up in a cause

This man had been arrested for an as-

sault upon his father, an old man known

The circumstances as given in the pa

pers were curious. The prisoner alleged

that he had, many years ago, fearing ar-

rest, contided to his father's care a lot of

valuable property-that he had been ar-

rested and sentenced to a long term of im-

prisonment; that after his release he many

times endeavored to obtain possession of his property from his father, but the old

man had refused to give it up. He had lately fallen on very bad times, and, being

in despair, he had gone to his father again.

and, after a violent quarrel, had lost his

temper and struck the old man. knocking

miserable room in which the old man lived.

police, and Harold Anson was given into

I went to the police, and, after going to

the proper authority, obtained an interview

Mastering the loathing with which th

sight of this man filled me, I asked him for

information about the case in which he had

I offered to make it worth his while to

speak, and at last I obtained from him, on

extraordinary information that the proper-

country and abandon his persecution of

"I gave the notes to the old wretch just as I had them from her." he said, "in the

envelope in which she gave 'em to me, for I expected to be nabbed every minute,

and I dared not try to leave the country,

because they were after me over this blessed murder case, and he's stuck to 'em

"He says he's got the lot just as I gave

em bim, and I believe it, for he hoards

everything, even to the pine and needles he

skinflint he is-he says it will all come back

to me after his death, but I shan't have 'em

mation from Harold Anson, I was in the

An hour after I had extracted this infor-

The old man was obstinate; he suspected

a trap and thought I was in league with his son, but when I promised him that I

would buy that packet for all it was worth

and £10 over, the ruling passion of his life

"I only opened this envelope," he said,

"to see what was inside it. I'm honest.

The notes ain't been tampered with. If

you give me twenty pounds more than

there are there you can have 'em. That's

fair, ain't it?-fair to me and to my son, be-

"Fetch the money." he said, "money

I went home, drew a check on the Lon-don Bank, at which I had opened an ac-

count, and in two hours returned with £200.

I felt convinced that would more than

cover the sum my mother had handed to her

The old man kept his word, and after 1

had shown him my notes in readiness for

the deal, he went to an inner room and

presently returned with a yellow, dirty en-

velope, from which, with trembling fingers,

dirty staircase and out into the street.

he drew a folded packet of notes.

cause I'm only taking care of 'em for him.'

to squander now.

miser's miserable room.

overcame his scruples.

I agreed.

down is my motto."

picks up in the street, like the dotty ol

been so closely concerned.

At first be was sullen.

The old man's cries had brought the

him down, and intending to ransack the

as the Shoreditch miser, and reputed to be

the utmost horror and loathing.

celebre-the murder of Captain -

est use to you. I attached no importance

ust occurred to me. Something which

really only trying to convince myself.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

been the end of the burnt packet.

er's former housemaid again.

about the house.

ing in Southsea.

had quite forgotten."

was for, but I forget now.

arsenic in his possessio

drowning man.

a wealthy man.

enstody.

took place.'

MY MOTHER'S CRIME

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

Author of "DRAMAS OF LIFE," "TALES OF TO-DAY," "LIGHTS O' LONDON," Etc.

father-with the father of my beloved. 1 don't know when I first fell in love with her, and she confessed to me that she couldn't be sure of the day when she first came to look upon me with other feelings than those of friendship.

You see we had known each other from little children. Katie's papa was Mr. Mayfield, the squire of our viliage, and my Aunt Linthorpe was the widow of Colonel Linthorpe, who had been the 'Squire's bosom friend. Our house was the nearest house to the Hall, and I was constantly being invited by Harry Mayfield to go and play with him. Harry Mayfield was about my own age. I rode his pony and read his books, and went birds'-nesting with him, and there was rarely a week passed that I was not invited to the Hall to take tea.

Katie Mayfield was a year younger than Harry. She didn't like the birds'-nesting, and Harry's favorite books were not quite whatshe cared about. Girls never can see the fun of running away to sea, and they hate pirates and savages, and a fight, even when it is between a brave little fellow and a big bully, they always skip.

But at the tea table a sister is always an agreeable companion, and I think I liked the teas almost as much as the birds-nesting and the pirates, for Katie was always the first one to ask me if I would have any more cake or jam.

Boys never look after you at the table like girls do, and I made up my mind very soon after I knew Katie and her brother that it is much nicer to go out to tea where there are girls than where there are only | me?

my aunt if I could go to school like Harry. He was going to a preparatory school first, and then to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford. I was sure that he would play in the Eton eleven and row in the Oxford eight. He said he meant to; and I think that was one thing that made me want to go to his school, and then to Eton and Oxford, with him.

I spoke to my aunt about it, but she looked very grave and shook her head, and said it was quite impossible. I should have to have a private tutor at home, and perhaps afterwards I should go to a German university.

I knew by experience that it was no good arguing with my aunt or asking too many questions. Directly I began to ask questions she always pretended she had something to see to in her house, and as Harry used to say "politely shut me up."

I never knew anybody who hated answering questions more than my Aunt Linthorpe. I remember once I was talking to her, and I began to talk about my mother and father, whom I could hardly remember, and she was quite sharp with

I only said to her "Aunty, as my name is Linthorpe and your name is Linthorpe, your husband must have been my father's brother." She only said "Well?" to that, but directly I began to ask her about my mama and papa, and how old I was when they died, and a few very natural questions for a boy, who is an orphan, to ask, she got quite angry and said that if there was one thing that made her head ache it was talk-

ing about relationships. I left off asking my annt about my father and mother when I found it annoyed her. but Harry told me he'd heard his papa and mama say that I was quite a little thing. only about five years old, when I was sent to my aunt's house, and he told me that they used to refer to me sometimes as "poor little chap."

I fancy that my papa died suddenly, and my mama died soon afterwards, and as I had no friends in the world my dear good Aunt Linthorpe "adopted" me.

I am sure that my own father and mother could not have been kinder to me, for she brought me up as though I had been her own son, instead of her nephew. I had everything I wanted, for my aunt, though not as rich as the Squire, was very con-fortably off, and when I had been under a private tutor for some years I went to Germany for a couple of years, and then I came

back home a young man. I didn't see so much of Harry now, for be was up in London reading up at a crammer's | my future course. for the army, but I often went over with my aunt to see the 'Squire, and I saw a good deal of Katie, now grown up into quite a

beautiful girl. And then we fell in love. I don't think anybody guessed what was happening. We knew it first, and we didn't say anything to anybody. We didn't mention it for a long time to each other, but one day, when we had been for a long walk and a thundershower came on, and we stood up near an old ruin out of it, and the lightning was very vivid, and the thunder very loud, and Katie clung to me in her terror, it all come out, and when the shower was over, and the sky was blue again and the birds were singing, we walked home together, our hearts almost too full to speak, and I was quite sorry when we came to the Hall and I had to say good-bye.

We had both got awfully wet in the shower without noticing it, and Katie was laid up. I was up at the hall every day to know how she was, and I was terribly anxious until they told me that she would soon be able to leave her room and be about

I was so anxious that I was obliged to tell somebody of my secret, and I told it to my best friend, my more than mother-my

I suppose the old lady was afraid that I should want to be married straight off and leave her, for she looked quite frightened when I told her. "You are in love with-with Katie May-

field?" she said. "Yes, aunt, and she is in love with me, and we never mean to marry anybody else," I said. She looked at me very earnestly-almost sorrowfully, I thought, and then she said

gently, "Dick, if this is so, you must go to the 'Squire and ask his consent. You must do this before you see Katie again. "Must I go to the 'Squire at once?" I said. "At once," my aunt replied, firmly. "There must be no misunderstanding. Go

to the Squire now-this very afternoon, and say to him that you love Katie, and that you want to be engaged to her. Do you understand?"
"Yes," I stammered. "I understand, but can't I wait till I've seen Katie, and we've

talked it over!" "No; you must go now!"

Suddenly I had an inspiration. "Aunty." I said. "can't you go to the 'Squire? I'm sure you'd explain things so much better than I can." My aunt hesitated a moment. Then she said slowly, as if speaking to herself: "Yes, perhaps I'd better see the 'Squire first.

It may save-" and then she hesitated. looked at me sadly, and went out of the What was it that my aunt's interview would save! I began to feel anxious, nervous. Perhaps I was too poor - perhaps

the 'Squire wanted Katte to marry some swell country magnate. I didn't know what to think. I got up and put on my hat, and went out

in the garden, and lit my pine and strolled up and down just to quiet my nerves, and presently my aunt passed me, walking You are going to the Hall now?" I said. "Yes, Dick, now."

It seemed hours before my aunt returned. When she did come back I thought she

I was alone in the library with her | this evening at 8. He will give you his answer himself." Then, with a little cry, she stooped and put her arms around my neck and drew my face down to bers and kissed me.
"God bless you, Dick," she said, "and give you strength, and-"

And then before I could ask her what it all meant she was gone. I dined alone that evening. My aunt sent word that she had a headache, and she "Poor aunty," I said to myself, "she is upset at the idea of my getting married."

I imagined she was grieving because she thought or knew that the 'Squire would refuse his consent to my engagement. The idea came into my mind, but I dismissed it. I have never been one to meet trouble half I was alone in the library with the 'Squire. How my heart beat-how my lips

trembled. The Squire looked almost as grave as my aun; had done when he came into the library into which I had been shown on my arrival. Well, Dick," he said, "you've something

to say to me?" "Yes, sir," I stammered; "1-er-thought my aunt had told you-that I-oh, sir, I and Katie love each other, and I come to ask if you-if you've any objection to our being engaged. The Squire looked at the ceiling earnest-

ly for a moment, then with a little cough he cleared his throat, and looked at me. "Dick," he said, "I like you very much my lad. I respect and esteem you, and I think you are a real good fellow: I'm sure you'd make Katie a good husband, but, Dick, I've been talking the matter over with your aunt, and we've come to the conclusion that it is best that you should know something which has been kept from you all your life." The 'Squire said this so seriously that I grew alarmed—what was he going to tell

"You see, Dick, you'll have to know it sooner or later. You'll have to know it be-It was a great blow to me when Harry | fore you ask any girl to be your wife. Mayfield went away to school. I asked You've asked me for my daughter, ar so it's my duty, my painful duty. Dick, to tell you what I would much rather you le rned from some one else. Your annt agrees with me that you must know now. She would tell you if I didn't, and I can at least spare her.' "Go on. sir, for God's sake, go on."] cried. "Whatever this terrible secret isfor terrible it must be-let me know it

> "Dick," said the 'Squire rising and standing before me, and taking my hand in his, "Dick, my dear boy, what I am going to tell you is known only to your aunt and myself. No one else need ever know it now, except yourself-and the woman you marry.

> "Is it—is it so very awful?" I gasped.
> "Yes, it is awful, but you must be brave
> and bear it. Dick, your real name is not Linthorpe; Mrs. Linthorpe is not your aunt, she is only a distant relative of your father's. She took you and adopted you when you were left an orphan under most distressing circumstances. Dick, your father died a terrible death, and your mother was tried and convicted of his mur-

For a moment I could hardly grasp the import of those awful words. "My mother-a-murderess," I groaned. No, you cannot mean it. It cannot be "Your mother, Dick," said the 'Squire

his voice trembling with emotion, and the tears coming into his eyes, "was convicted of the crime. "God have mercy on me," I wailed in my despair. "My father murdered! My moth-

er his murderess! I could not even then grasp all that this terrible revelation meant. The 'Squire tried to speak, but he could find no words to comfort me in my utter For a moment or two we sat in silence.

Then, with an effort, for my limbs seemed like lead, I rose from the chair. "'Squire!" I said, "I understand that you were bound to tell me this. I wish that had died before I knew it, but I suppose should have learnt it some day. Good-bye God bless you. Squire, for all your kind-ness to me. You—you will tell Katie—that you have refused your consent—don't let her know why. I couldn't bear to have her think of me as the son of a murderess -the son of a murderess who had been hanged.

"No. Dick, no," exclaimed the 'Squire, gripping my hand, "you were spared that, my poor boy, your mother lives still." Lives!" I exclaimed, "my mother lives, and she is a convicted murderess? Oh, she was mad, that was it, wasn't it-mad and not responsible for her actions. Tell me, tell me all now, for I have a right to know." "Your mother was convicted and condemned, but some people doubted her guilt, and at the last moment the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life." "And my mother is still-in prison, then?"

I clasped the 'Squire's hand, muttered a few incoherent words and turned away. He asked me to stay, but I could not trust myseif. I wanted to be alone-to think of the terrible secret I had learned-to decide upon

That evening I had a long and painful conversation with my aunt. I insisted upon her telling me everything-all that she knew herself-all that had been said and done at the time of the tragedy. I got the dates from her, and I determined at once to find the reports of the trial and study them. My mother was still alive. She had been for twenty years a prisoner, a convicted murderess. There must have been some doubts of her guilt or she would not have been respited. Thenceforth I had but one idea, one mission in life, to prove my mother's innocence or satisfy myself beyond all doubt that she was guilty. Before I bade my weeping aunt good

night I asked her one question. "Tell me," I said, "you who have been as a mother to me-tell me, do you believe my mother was the guilty wretch this crime would make herf" My aunt turned her head away and the tears flowed down her cheeks. I understood that silent answer to my

question. God help me, there was little hope for me now. The next day I left my aunt's house and went to London, where I took apartments. I spent my nights and days in reading and re-reading the story of the tragedy that

left me fatherless and motherless.

The story was a cruel one for a son to read. My father was a naval officer who had made what the world calls a mesalliance. He had married Marion Holt, a young girl whose name had been made notorious by her connection with an ac-complished swindler. It was after her de-sertion by this man, who fled the country to escape from justice, that my father met Marion Holt, fell in love with her and, in spite of her past history, made her his wife. It was proved at the trial that, he always spoke of his wife in the most affectionate terms, and had declared to his family that she was a woman who had been the victim of a plausible scoundrel. At the trial, letters were put in from him which showed that for some years they had lived upon the most affectionate terms. One of his brother officers told the court that my father only a few weeks before his tragic death had declared that my mother was a noble woman, and

since he had married her. The story of the murder was simple. On the 9th of November, 186-, my father, who had been absent on duty for some months. returned home. By some mischance the letter sent to my mother announcing the date of his arrival in England had never reached her. On my father's arrival at home he knocked at the door, and, to his astonishment, it was opened by his wife herselr. She appeared to be very much frightened, and in reply to his question explained that she didn't expect him, and that the servants had both had permission to go

that he had known nothing but happiness

and see the illuminations for the Prince of Wales's birthday. My father went in, and about five minutes afterwards the policeman on duty saw a man softly open the front door and creep out stealthily. He closed the door so quiet-ly that the constable's suspicions were aroused, and he went after him and caught him up under a lamp-post and stopped him | she'd put it away in a drawer in her room

and ran away.
The constable at once went back to the house and rang the bell, and was admitted by my father. He informed him of the circumstance, but my father assured him he must have been mistaken in the house, and my mother said the same, but the constable at the trial declared that the lady seemed to be very agitated. The servants who were called at the

estranged-that their mistress was frequently in tears. On the 21st of November my mother was proved to have gone to a chemist's some distance away, and to have purchased a preparation of arsenic. She gave a faise name and address to the chemist's assistant, who entered the purchase in the book

trial swore that after the Captain's return

my father and mother seemed much

On the evening of the 22d witnesses who were called at the trial proved that she had been seen some distance from her home talking earnestly with a man who answered the description of the man the police constable had seen leaving my father's house on the evening of the 9th.

On the night of the 22d my 'parents retired to rest as usual, occupying different rooms, which they had done since their es-trangement. The servant who left them together in the sitting-room when she went to bed heard them quarreling, and deposed at the trial that she heard my father upbraiding my mother about "that man," and my mother was crying and protesting her

On the morning of the 23d my father was found dead in his bed. On a little table by the side of his bed was an empty glass which at first was supposed to have con-tained simply cold water which he was in the habit of drinking every night as a remedy for insomnia, from which he suf-fered. On a doctor being called in he at once detected symptoms of poisoning, and on examining a little liquid still left in the

glass he discovered traces of arsenic. My mother, who was in a terrible state of distress at my father's death, and almost beside herself with grief and agitation, was eventually arrested and charged with having put the arsenic in the water for the purpose of causing my father's death.

The facts adduced against her were these: The secret purchase of arsenic, the quarrel with my father about the man she was proved to have been in the habit of meeting, and who was eventually proved to have been the swindler with whom she was formerly connected, and the evidence of the servant who slept in a room opposite my father, and who declared that about 1 o'clock in the morning, hearing footsteps on the landing, she opened the door a little and saw my mother leaving my father's room stealthily and go down stairs to her own, which was on the lower floor. The statement that my mother made be-

fore she was arrested was that she had purchased the arsenic with the intention of committing suicide in consequence of the persecution of the man who had returned from penal servitude, and who was threatening to annoy her husband and create a scandal unless she left my father and returned to him. She declared that this persecution and my father's refusal to believe in her innocence had driven her almost mad, and then the idea of taking her own life had come into her head. She con-fessed that she had met this man again and again, but it was for the purpose of pleading with him not to come between her and the husband she loved so devotedly.

On the night of her husband's death she had gone to her own room, and made up her mind to die that night. But she still hoped there might be some chance of reconciliation-that her busband would see how unjust his suspicions were-she made up her mind to tell him all—to tell him the secret she had vainly endeavored to conceal from him-that this was the scoundrel to whose wiles she had once fallen a victim. She had feared to tell her husband that lest it should only confirm his jealous suspicions. Determining to risk this confession she went upstairs, and, opening the door gently, spoke to my father, but, receiving no answer, she thought he was asleep, and she went down stairs again, deciding to tell him all in the morning. In the morning he was dead.

This statement was, I found, generally received with incredulity. There was no evidence to back it up, and it in no way accounted for the arsenic which my mother had purchased finding its way into the glass by my father's bedside. The man who had been the cause of the disaster was found and called as a witness. He admitted that my mother had met him, but denied that he had persecuted her. He declared that her meetings with him were voluntary, and he understood from her that she was anxions to leave her husband. who "did not love her," and return to him. The theory of the prosecution was that my mother willfuly a lministered the poison to my father, by whose death she was left well off, and that she wished to be free to return to her old lover without losing the advantages my father's wealth conferred upon her. It was suggested that she had imagined that the death, if attributed to poison, would be put down to suicide. A jury found my mother guilty, and she was sentenced according to the law. But the public were not satisfied, a great dis-

cussion arose, and eventually her sentence was commuted to life-long imprisonment. At the time of the tragedy I was in charge of an old servant of my father's who had married a farmer. I was a weakly child, and my mother had sent me into the country for the benefit of my health. After the conviction I was taken by the good creature I have always called my aunt, and under another name was brought up by her as her nephew, and kept in entire ignorance of the dreadful fate of my parents.

When I had mastered all the details of the story of my mother's crime my heart sank within me. I still declined in my own heart to believe her guilty, but what hope could I have after the long lapse of years of getting the case re-opened and proving her innocence? My father undoubtedly died by the poison she herself had secretly purchased, and she was the last person in his room that fatal night.

Who else could have killed him? Who had any motive for such a terrible crime? There was only one theory that seemed probable, and that was snieide. And if it was suicide, how could I hope to prove that now? The secret of that awful night was either locked away in my mother's heart or buried in my father's grave.

But I had set myself the task of trying to unravel the mystery, and to that, come what may, I determined to devote my life, Katie was lost to me forever. With this horrible stain upon my name I could never ask her to become my wife.

What could I do-who could help me? Whither could I turn in search of the information that might give me some clew to follow, however faint? In twenty years many of the witnesses might have died or left the country.

As soon as I had settled in my own mind what I would do, I made a complete list of the witnesses at the trial for future reference, and then I went to look for the house in which the tragedy had occurred. I found it with difficulty, for the street had been renamed, and the houses renum? bered, but at last I succeeded in identifying it, and to my intense relief, I found it

It was a quiet, respectable little tenroomed house, one of a long row in a quiet road in Fulham. My first step was to get possession of it. After a little bargaining I secured it for one year by paying an extra rental, and then I set about to make a thorough exploration of it. I succeeded after a great deal of trouble in discovering the servant who had slept in the house on the night of the murder. She was the wife of a greengrocer, and the mother of a large family. I did not tell her who I was, but merely that I had taken the house and was anxious to know something of the story connected with it. She was kind enough to come with her husband to the house and point out the various rooms to me.

that's the room the Captain slept in." she said, pointing out the apartments to me. I encouraged her to talk of the mystery. but I got from her no more than I had read in the newspapers. She was convinced that the Captain had been poisoned by his wife. "I saw ber stealing out of that room, sir, with my own eyes," she said. "and I shan't forget the look that was on her face as long as I live. She'd done it then, you my depend on it.' "You never thought, I suppose, that the

"That's where I slept that night, sir, and

Captain might have taken the poison him-"Take it himself-why, where did he get it from? She bought it-he didn't. She kept it till she wanted it. If he'd have bought any poison it would have come out, and if her's hadn't been used she'd have said where it was, and it would have been found."

"Didn't she say where she had put it?" "Well, now you come to mention it, I remember she did say something. She said looked very grave.

Laying her hand gently on my arm. she said, "Dick, you are to go to the Squire's looked it up. It was a drawer she used by striking and asked him a question. The man gave had evidently slipped by accident that they do not to reise the money because they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not to reise the money because they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not to reise the money because they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that was a favor in the money in and serving him with complete submission. Rome.

The said asked him a question. The man gave had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not had evidently slipped by accident that they do not have the following that they d

further when he suddenly took to his heels It wasn't likely, seeing she'd put it in the I held in my hand a small packet labeled "Arsenie-Poison," and on it was the name poor master's drink that always stood at of the chemist, who swore that he had sold the side of his bed." "It wouldn't have been possible, I supthat arsenic to my mother on the 21st of November, 186-, twenty years ago. pose, for the Captain to have gone to the

> packet labeled poison and to have taken it I will not enter into all the details of what followed after, or tell you the many "I don't see how that could have been, difficulties I had to contend with to get my sir; you see the missus always kept that startling piece of evidence investigated drawer locked, and had the keys berself. by the authorities. But I succeeded. I succeeded in proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that my mother was She had to give the police the keys before they could open it to search the drawer themselves. There was no arsente found innocent of my father's death, and that he there by them, so she must have used it. had undoubtedly committed suicide. The She hadn't poisoned herself-but she'd got belief that my mother had been taithless to rid of it in some way—she said they'd find it there—but they didn't." him had, in all probability, affected his mind. I had the satisfaction a short time I gave the woman a couple of sovereigns afterwards of entering the gloomy prison for her information and she went, wonderwalls and saying to my mother, of whose ing. I dare say, who on earth I could be to existence even until a few short months make so many inquiries about a murder previous I was unaware, that I, her son, had cleared her name, and had come to lead her out into the world again a free The house was empty-it was a forlorn hope to search it. What could I find? Yet woman, and a cruelly-wronged woman, for whom there was now nothing but love and I went all over it, searched in every nook and cranny. It was the sort of thing one

* * * * *

pity, and tendersympathy. Katie and I are married, and we live in a sweet little country nest in the quietest and sunniest corner of Devonshire. And there lives with us a gentle lady, her hair prematurely silvered, and her sweet face stamped with the traces of But she says that in the love of her children-she looks on Katie as her daughter-heaven has atoned to her for all the years of sorrow and shame she endured within the gloomy prison walls.

Aunt Linthorpe and the Colonel and Harry come to see us sometimes. We love our old friends, but we make no new ones. We are happy with each other, and for a time, at least, we are content to live our quiet, happy life until the terrible tragedy. which at one time threatened to cloud our lives forever, is forgotten.

[Copyright.]

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Before the Reformation 50 per cent. of the land in the United Kingdom belonged to the church.

Cork, if sunk two hundred feet deep in the ocean, will not rise, on account of the pressure of the water. pressed his deep sympathy with me, but sorrowfully shook his head when I asked Bellows Falls, in Vermont, has a seventeen-year-old giant. He is six feet eight

inches tall and weighs 184 pounds Denmark is the most drunken country in talk him into my theory of suicide. I was the world. Its yearly consumption of intoxicants is double that of Germany. When a Clarksville (Tenn.) woman broke an egg the other day she found that it contained another egg inside about the size of

a small bird's egg. In one of the great Paris hospitals, out of eighty-three patients who suffered from epilepsy, sixty were found to be the children of drunken parents.

to it at the time, and it was only something More men bave died and are buried in you said a little time ago that has brought it back to my mind. I remember once the Isthmus of Panama, along the line of the proposed canal, than on any equal hearing it said a long time after the trial when we were talking over our poor old amount of territory in the world. friend's sad death aboard ship, that your Captain Baker, an engineer in the British father once asked our surgeon to give him some arsenic. I asked at the time what it service, published a book in 1877 which clearly proved, to his mind at least, that

the end of the world would come on Sept. A citizen of Moberly, Mo., has a curious collection. He has a slipper seventy-five years old, a Bible and a trunk each one hundred years old, and a razor hone three hundred years old.

himself down with his face toward the ground, and swallows several mouthfuls of smoke in a manner which produces a kind of intoxication lasting several minutes. A Massachusetts paper declares that a Natick shoemaker walked to Boston and home, pursuing his trade on the way, and brought back with him nearly \$100 in cash

and a wife he had wooed and won on the

A Marion county, Iowa, physician is the owner of a remarkable human monstrosity. a male child, sixteen inches long, weighing nine and one-half pounds, its head the perfect counterpart of that of some gigantic It is known that the hoofs of horses were

protected by boots of leather at a very early period in the world's history-at a time which at least antedates Pliny and Aristotle, both of whom make mention of Several medical journals assert that the young women of the present day are better developed physically, taller, plumper,

stronger and healthier than the young women of fifty, one hundred, 150 or 200 years ago. A process has recently been discovered for making flour of bananas. Chemical experiments show that this flour contains more nutriment than rice, and that when

eaten with beans, corn or sago it forms very palatable and nourishing diet. At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at these

places, under penalty of loss of license. Gertrude Souine, a pretty girl of eighteen years, who lives in a town in Aroostook county, Maine, has never been known to laugh, or even to smile. While intelligent in other matters, she apparently cannot understand a joke, and is unmoved by the keenest witticisms.

Barton Turner, a man found in Peeks-kill by the New York census-takers, gave the names of seven wives whom he had married in his time. They had survived marriage with him periods ranging from two weeks to twenty-nine years. He is now ty-one years ord. In its wild state the elephant feeds heart-

ily but wastefully. It is careful in selecting the few forest trees which it likes for their bark or foliage. But it will tear down branches and leave half of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large por-No animal is met with over so wide an

area of the earth's surface as man. The creature which most nearly approaches him in this respect is undoubtedly the dog, which, in one form or another, is to be a solemn promise of substantial help, the found everywhere except in the West ty he had confided to his father twenty years ago was a bundle of bank-notes he Indies, Madagascar and the Oceanio islhad received from my mother-money she had given him to induce him to leave the The coldest region in the United States

lies along the northern border of Minnesota, between the southern point of the ake of the Woods and the Dakota border. The temperature along that line often falls as low as 500 below zero. In 1873 the instruments at Pembina registered from 550 to 60° below. Two little islands furnish four-fifths of

the cloves consumed by the world. The islands are Zanzibar and Pemba, and a little while ago Arabs found it very profitable to bring slaves from the African lake region to the coast and smuggle them in the night over to Pemba to work on the clove plantations.

Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust. It is the bed-rock of the world. It shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is from two to ten times as thick as the united thicknesses of all the other rocks, It is the parent rock, from which all other rocks have been either directly or indirectly derived. It is said that engravers in Germany

harden their tools in sealing wax. The tool

is heated to whiteness and plunged into

the wax, withdrawn after an instant, and

plunged in again, the process being repeated until the steel is too cold to enter the wax. The steel is said to become, after this process, almost as hard as the diamond, The phrase "A hair of the dog that bit you," though now confined to a symbolic and alcoholic interpretation, has an accurately canine origin. In the Caucasus it is still common for any one who is bitten by a dog to lay a handful of bair, taken from the same animal's coat, upon the wound be-

fore cauterizing and bandaging it. In some mystic way the bair is supposed to prevent untoward consequences. Benighted Johns Hopkins, The Independent

The trustees of the medical department

of Johns Hopkins University received last

May \$111,300 as a preliminary endowment

As he rulled them out and opened them obtained by the woman's fund committee a little paper packet fell on the floor.
I picked it up and the room whirled round for the purpose of securing for women the best medical training; and they also accepted the promise of \$100,000 additional I did not wait to get the notes: I waited from Miss Garrett, to be paid in February of this year, on condition that the trustees for nothing. Leaving the old man paralyzed with astonishment and shricking out should meanwhile raise \$221,000, the sum that he had been robbed. I darted down the necessary to make up the haif-million which they require for an endowment. The time is passed and the money has not been My mother must have burriedly taken raised, not a dollar of it, it is said, and it from her drawer that bundle of notes kept there probably for an emergency, put is reported that no effort has been made. It is even whispered that they do not want there, perhaps, in readiness for the apREADING FOR SUNDAY.

O House of Many Mansions. O house of many mansions. Thy doors are open wide, And dear are all the faces Upon the other side. Thy portals they are golden, And those who enter in

Shall know no more of sorrow,

O house of many mansions, My weary spirit waits
And longs to join the ransomed
Who enter through thy gates; Who enter through thy portals, The mansions of the blest; Who come to thee a-weary, And find in thee their rest.

Of weariness, of sin.

Thy walls are not of marble, O house not built with hands; I sigh for thee while waiting Within these border-lands. I know that but in dying Thy threshold is crossed o'er; There shall be no more sorrow

In thy forevermore. -E. N. Gunnison, in Boston Transcript International Sunday-School Lesson for March 27, 1892-Quarterly Missionary Lesson. HOME READINGS.

M .- Blessings of the gospel (mis-V.—The great light...... Isa. ix, 1-7.

COMMENTS ON THE LESSON. The Independent

It is not important for the scholar settle the question who wrote these chapters following the middle section of the book bearing the name of Issiah. It is sufficient that we discover in it the clearest sign that it is God's own word. Inspiration reaches its highest in these last chapters. It is these that give the writer the name of the Evangelical Prophet. We are more anxious to know that it is from God than that it is from some man.

After one has endured special sorrow he may look for special comfort. God loves to comfort his people. Jesus promised the Comforter. One of the three persons of the adorable Trinity is therefore called the Comforter. This is the part of a loving father, and fatherhood, with its affection and comfort is the aspect under which we should chiefly look on Him whom our Lord bade us address as "Our Father which art in heaven."

There is an end to all trouble, and then we should be quick to seize the relief. God does not want us to be weeping Christians, but glad, comforted ones.

Jerusalem had been punished enough, "double," said God through His prophet.

God does not want to punish. He has no pleasure in 12, and will forgive as soon as we will let Him. God could have made His own road for His people to return by, but He lets us do that. We must be fellow-workers with

God, and it is a blessed privilege.

What the prophet said of the return from Babylon our Lord beautifully applied to illustrate the office and service of John the Baptist in preparing the way for His coming. Christ needed some one to stir up the people and prepare for Him. We can do a great deal of John the Baptist work. Indeed, Christ will not come now The Patagonian lights his pipe, throws if we do not prepare His way before Him. Our lesson gives strongly the contrast be-tween God's might, and endurance, and trustworthiness, and the weakness and transitiveness of human labor and ambition. One is but as the grass; or, as James tells us, as a thin vapor, while the word of

God shall stand forever. If you have good tidings, tell it. Let him that heareth say come. No man has a right to keep this good news to himself. And don't be bashful about it. Speak it loud. This good news of the return to Jerusa-lem is an admirable parable of the other good news, or gospel, of Jesus Christ, whose advent is the best tidings ever brought to earth.

Of General Interest, Rev. Dr. R. W. Keeler, pastor at Dyers-ville, Ia., has been elected "lecturer on the English Bible" in Upper Iowa University. He visits schools and churches desiring his services in this line of normal instruction on the plan of university extension. Bishop G. T. Bedell, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio, died March 11. He succeeded Bishop McIlvaine on his

death, in 1873, and on the division of the State into two dioceses chose the northern, which has been called the Diocese of Ohio. Principal Cairns, of the United Presbyterian Divinity Hall, Edinburgh, has retired from his office, much to the regret, though not to the surprise, of his many friends. He has long been one of the most foremost leaders in Christian thought in

Scotland The celebrated case of the Rev. Mr. Warren, of ingland, who was engaged by the vestry of Trinity Church, and was indicted under the alien contract-labor law. has been settled by the decision of the United States Supreme Court. Justice Brewer took the position that while the services undoubtedly might come under the letter of the law, they were so mani-festly outside of its spirit that the judg-

ment of the lower court should be reversed Some of the English papers think that General Booth, of the Salvation Army, "has been drinking of the poisoned waters of Rome," because in an issue of The War Cry he urges people to a use of the con-fessional, which, if not new, is not customary among Protestants. He tells them: "Tell your sins to your captain, or find out some officer or friend in whose word or judgment you can confide, and tell it in the ear of that brother or sister, as the case may be. But it may be necessary for you

to confess in some form." The International Bible-reading Association, started and promoted largely by the efforts of Mr. Charles Waters, honorary secretary of the British section of the Christian Endeavor Society, now numbers 370,000 members, the gain in membership during the last year being over 70,000, Nearly 300,000 are in the United Kingdom, not more than 7,000 being found in the United States and Canada. Mr. Waters is business man in London, a member of the English International Sunday-school lesson committee and an earnest worker in

the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A new charity has been commenced in England under the auspices of one of the sisterhoods in South London. It is the opening of a house for the reception of sick persons who are neither curable nor incurable, in the technical sense used by physicians and hospitals, but who are simply dying. They say: "The need is very great. London does not possess a single house where a dying man canend his earthly days in peace, and so, day by day, men pass into eternity in untellable agony, the spirit within them crushed into despair or defiance." This, of course, applies solely to those who have no comfortable homes, but to multitudes of such this charity will be of immeasurable value.

Thoughts for the Day. Father! thou must lead. Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my By which such virtue may in me be bred, That in thy holy footsteps I may tread; The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,

Think truly, and thy thoughts Shall the world's famine feed Speak truly, and each word of thine Shall be a fruitful seed; Live truly, and thy life shall be

That I may have the power to sing to thee,

And sound thy praises everlastingly.

A great and noble creed.

We are to ourselves like a closed book. It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skim-milk .- Henry Ward Beecher. Freedom in religion must not mean free-

-Horatius Bonar,

Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith .- Ruskin Many indeed think of being happy with

dom from religion .- Bishop Henry W. War-

God in heaven, but the being happy with God on earth never enters into their thoughts .- John Wesley. These two rules-doing nothing of the nature of orginary business after dark, and being a whole man at everything-

sults.-Christian Advocate.

If It Hits You, Well and Good.



"I don't know. I feel nervous and queer, don't sleep well, lost my appetite, am blue and

This is the cry of thousands. Sick and do not know what is the matter.

It is nervous weakness and stomach trouble. Never mind how you got them, whether from Spring Debility, malaria, weakness following the Grip, overwork, strain on the nerves, dissipation, etc.-what you want is a cure. Go to your druggist's and purchase for \$1, Dr. Greene's Nervura, the best regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels, and the greatest known tonic, invigorator and strengthener for the nerves. It will surely make you feel yourself again. Purely

vegetable and harmless. "I was a bad sufferer from dyspepsia and indigestion, my blood was poor and my nerves very weak, which affected my heart. I was in a bad way with these complaints; no one suffered more than I did. I tried most everything, but nothing did me good until I took Dr. Greene's Nervura. It is certainly a fine medicine and perfectly DAVID H. KEATING,

1019 Pennsylvania Ave., Baltimore, Md." Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West Fourteenth street, New York, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. Call or write to him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., will be returned

that you can escape from slavery. Then give yourself to Him completely. Let Him mark you as His by whatever marks He will.-Phillips Brooks.

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. Wanted a Pony.

Little Boy-Now that you've got sister a

piano. I think you might buy me a pony. Little Boy-So I can get away from the In Extenuation.

"Does your pastor permit himself to

make jokes in the pulpit?" said one lady "Oh, yes," was the answer, in an apologetic tone, "but they are never very good

Saving Space. New York Weekly. Miss Slimdiet-Here's an advertisement of "a literary man," who wants board, Does he say he's a literary man to show he's a person of refinement and culture?

Mrs. Slimdiet—No, it's to show that he

can't pay much. Properties Lacking.

Small Boy-Papa, I wish you'd buy me a Papa-You haven't any harness, or cart, Small Boy-Don't need none. Us boys is startin' a secret society. Not So Bad.

Mrs. De Fashion-Where is your mamma? Little Miss De Style-She's in the library sweeping the floor. Mrs. De Fashion-Horrors! With a vulgar broom?

Good News.

Little Miss De Style-No'm; with pa. Cured After a Fatal Illness. Pharmaceutical Era. Guide (pointing to the mummy)-This

was Bene, the priest, the wisest man of his time. He lived to a great age. Tourist-Was his last illness fatal? Guide-Yes, very fatal. Tourist-What a wonderful thing that

we see him now permanently cured. Social Gravitation.

New York Weekly. Returned Tourist-What became of that fool, Saphead, who had more money than he knew what to do with? Business Man-I don't remember him. Was he much of a fool?

"Perfectly idiotic." "I presume he has dropped into society."

Literary Notes. Texas Siftings. Young Writer-Do you keep all kinds of Book-store Clerk-Yes. What kind do Young Writer-I've been advised to use a trenchant pen. I'd like a small box of

them, and you can put in a few caustics with them. Loved Mathematics.

Proud Father (whispering)-That little boy of mine is a born mathematician; just loves mathematics. Look at him now. He's been figuring for a full hour by the clock. Friend-I see. What problem are you working at, my little man? Studious Boy-I'm figurin' up how many days it is to vacation.

Drunk-Or Crazy. Good News. Sub-editor (arriving late)-Say, Bobby, 18 the editor upstairs? Bobby (office boy)-Yep. Drunk as a biled

"Eh? How do you know?" "He jest tole me to run around to the theater for two seats for him, and (confidentially) he gave me the money to pay for

The Reason.

McFingle-Why was Washington buried in Mount Vernon, do you suppose?

McFangle-Well, I don't know. Because it was the family habitation, I sup-

No. that wasn't the first reason." "What was, then?" "He was dead." And McFangle went out and inquired for the fool-killer.

A Modern Curriculum. Good News. Visitor-I understand that the public schools of this city are models of nineteenth century progress.

Little Boy-Yes'm, that's wot everybody says. I go to 'em."
"What do you study?" "Oh, everything-free and drawin', an' cookin', an' bacteriology, an' music, an' spectrum analysis, an' sewin' on buttons. an' agricultural chemistry, an' dishe

washin', an' everything." Necessity Knows No Law.

New York Weekly. Magistrate-You are charged, sir, with dragging this young woman, forcing her into a cab, and driving like mad to the Prisoner-Y-e-s, sir. I live in the sub-

urbs. This morning my wife told me not to dare to come home without a girl, and I didn't know of any other way to get one. Magistrate-I'll take this young girl home with me and place her under my wife's protection. I live in the suburbs myself. You'll have to catch another. Christian Science Didn't Wor.

Boston Transcript.

"Did you see the Pope!" was asked a Boston woman lately returned from Italy. "No, he was sick when I was there. I tried to give him absent treatment by Christian science, so that he would be able to get up have the potency of almost unlimited rebefore we left, but he didn't." So one increasing purpose runs through the progress It is always a choice of masters to which of the suns, and Martin Luther has his di-

THE CRY OF THOUSANDS.